

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVIII. No. 2319

and BYSTANDER

London
December 5, 1945



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and BYSTANDER

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Photographed by The Hon. M. W. Elphinstone

Royal Convalescent: H.R.H. Princess Margaret

Princess Margaret Rose, younger daughter of T.M. the King and Queen, has made excellent progress since her operation for appendicitis on November 22 at Buckingham Palace; and at the time of writing it was stated that she was making good progress towards convalescence. Princess Margaret was born on August 21, 1930. Before her operation she had been going about a great deal with her elder sister, Princess Elizabeth, and had twice been to the theatre with young parties, as well as going to see *Henry IV, Part I*, with Her Majesty. A lady whom she has never met sent Princess Margaret a cheque as a thank-offering for her successful operation and asked her to give it to any good cause she had specially at heart. Her Royal Highness has sent it to the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, which is supplying the nurses attending her in her illness.



The rooms shown in these photographs of Culzean Castle. These are superb examples of Robert Adam's style and all the

PORTRAITS IN

Lady Wantage

A THOUSAND memories of childhood rose up last week with the sale at Sotheby's of part of the Wantage collection. Harriett Wantage, like so many of the figures dominating a small boy's world, was at once the awe-inspiring potentate and a fount of kindness, the terrible goddess and the fairy godmother. Her many gestures of affection, the exquisite model aeroplanes she lavished on me at Christmas did not prevent me stifling in my small throat all the love I felt for her. Lady Wantage in her perennial widow's weeds, seated in the gleaming victoria, or perched up in the limousine with its great carbide lamps which some youth had spent a morning to polish, became, through my neurosis, no longer the patron saint of Christmas, but a terrifying spider for me, lying at the centre of a rose-pink web that was Lockinge, her house under the Berkshire Downs.

Peaches and Old Masters

ONE left the modest grounds of my Queen Anne birth-place where for my pleasure the sign "1914" was written in daffodils under the chestnuts, and drove clon-clon in a navy-blue trolley-car, behind a lazy cob called Kitty, over the hills to Lockinge. As you came in sight of the house, it seemed a veritable town, the only house to give me that impression in this country till I saw Knole years later. I do not know whether Lockinge is an architectural triumph. Lady Wantage died, and I ceased to go there long before I began to use my eyes. But there lingers with me yet the soft insidious smell of peaches ripening in the innumerable greenhouses, the occasional collapse of an enormous drop of water into a forgotten butt, and the exquisite secret pleasure of seeing a crowd of tall gentlemen and ladies who had made themselves tall, round a picture rather luminous and furry, which somebody said was by a man called Claude. And one idly wondered whether this painter chap was any relative of a particularly nasty fellow by the name of Claude to whom one had been obliged to

speak a few sharp words at the dancing-class two days before.

The Grenfells

AROUND Lady Wantage revolved a world of brilliant young men like the Grenfells who were so soon to die in the last war. (Just how brilliant were they, by the way?) I once heard Ottoline Morrell read a disillusioned letter from Lytton Strachey that raised doubts in my mind; and though I shall always be grateful to Rupert Brooke for his "Menelaus and Helen":

"Thus far the poet. How can he foretell

The journey back, those long connubial years . . ."

and for the "Ode to Seasickness" (I find most of the Grantchester verses quite unreadable these days), I seem, too, to remember the worried shade of Sir Edward Grey: and then brightest of all the confused recollection of a schoolgirl with wonderful blonde hair rippling down her back, called Diana Manners, for whom everyone prophesied great things.

The World of Lockinge

IN the middle of this glittering skein sat Lady Wantage, so ruddy of cheek, wearing a mourning so perennial, a child's mind confused her almost with Victoria, even in the days when Blériot had just flown the Channel, and Mr. Lloyd George had made my nanny cry by bringing in the disgraceful National Insurance Bill. Harriett Wantage was a person of a culture rare to be encountered these days, expressing itself in a thousand apt quotations, a thousand priceless objects scattered without the rudiments of taste through her vast house.

The Sumptuous Waster Décor

HOW typical of that vanished age was this habit of collecting snuff-boxes, old masters, old master drawings, all of the finest quality, and showing them off to least advantage! Our poor buffeted generation must go perforce to the other

extreme. The fuss we make of our little bits of Victorian nonsense, the Regency keeper's cottage that we would turn into a gimcrack stage for our routs! We are past masters in the tasteful exploitation of the unimportant. The generation of Lady Wantage went in for the superb; and according to our lights made little play with it.

The Eccentricities of Collectors

TO my infinite delight I was brought up in a world of collectors. Mr. Pierpont Morgan hovered like an almost too-English ghost over my nursery (without alas! ever touching me with his golden wand), there were extravagant letters from Lady Sackville at Knole and best of all there was Mr. Salting.

Mr. Salting, if I remember rightly, had gained an astronomical fortune in Australia, out of poor silly sheep. It is perhaps to my father's credit that Mr. Salting's name is recalled in the Salting Bequest at the Victoria and Albert Museum. This opulent and bizarre figure lived so far as I can recall in chambers off St. James's Street. When I was aged about eight he asked me to tea.

We had tea of all places in his bedroom, cluttered up to a point that would have sent any small boy into ecstasy. There was a Velasquez behind the bed, and under it mouldered one of Rubens' enchanting studies for the decorations that were to greet the Archduke's entrance into Antwerp. There was also a chocolate cake.

Chocolate Cake

I HAPPEN to dote upon chocolate cake. I would give much to know whether the French Bakery in Peking still makes that incomparable masterpiece that combines all the advantages of the good chocolate biscuit and the proper chocolate cake. Perhaps, under the influence of an American occupation, they will have fallen back on pumpkin pie. But Mr. Salting's cake was not up to Peking standards though it came from Rumpelmayer's, the famous cake-shop.

Scotland Gives General Eisenhower a Flat

● General Eisenhower now has a Scottish home, close to Prestwick Airport. A furnished flat in Culzean Castle has been prepared for his use during his lifetime, as a gift from the people of Scotland. Bound up with this gift is the presentation of the castle to the National Trust by the Marquess and Marchioness of Ailsa and the Kennedy family. It is an Adam house built round an ancient tower, for generations a Kennedy stronghold. The family will continue to live in the new wing, and the central part will be open to the public. Lord Ailsa has put shooting over 2,000 acres at the disposal of General Eisenhower



are the round drawing-room and the dining-room in the wing used by Lord and Lady Ailsa. furnishings are of the period. General Eisenhower's flat is in an upper story of this wing

PRINT

*"This castle hath a pleasant scent; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."*

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Nevertheless, I have no doubt it was a tolerably good chocolate cake. With no stronger conviction can I speak; for beastly little prig that I was, I could not taste the thing for excitement at all the Salting treasures. When Salting perceived my lack of appetite, a gleam of economical triumph suffused his sharp eye. Summoning the footman he sent the cake back to Rumpelmayer's; I never knew whether his money was returned.

Culzean

CULZEAN, the Scottish castle in which by the gift of the Scots General Eisenhower is henceforth to have a flat, is one of the most extraordinary and most enchanting of all Robert Adam's works. With his Scottish ancestry—his father would probably have rebuilt London to the order of Prince Charles Edward had Culloden battle gone the other way—it is perhaps natural for Robert Adam to have dreamed of building, or at least of playing, with castles. Was not the castle style coming into fashion, with Walpole's Strawberry Hill, the Newdigates' Arbory in Warwickshire (containing the most beautiful "Gothic" room I know) and a score of others, what could be more natural? But most of Adam's "Gothic" work has disappeared. The noblest example of it, Alnwick for the Northumberlands, that cost thousands, was pulled down in the last century and replaced, at even greater expense by a less agreeable variety of the false medieval.

Culzean, then, remains as almost a solitary example of a rare mood. Everything, the situation, perched on the edge of a lovely coast, the remains of ancient battlements, invited the romantic mood. Adam took his opportunity in both hands.

The beauty of Culzean lies in the extraordinary completeness of the Adam decorations and fittings, the specially designed furniture and hangings. I do not know to what degree this richness extends to the upper story where, let us hope, General Eisenhower may one day contrive to relax. But up to the first floor the general effect is remarkably sumptuous.

It is not, of course, anywhere near true Gothic. Once he gets inside the bastions Adam has done with the Middle Ages, and flies straight back to Pompeii. It was reserved for his rival, Wyatt, after creating such classical masterpieces as the Huntingfields' house, Heveringham, to start expressing himself in a Gothic of terrifying fluency.

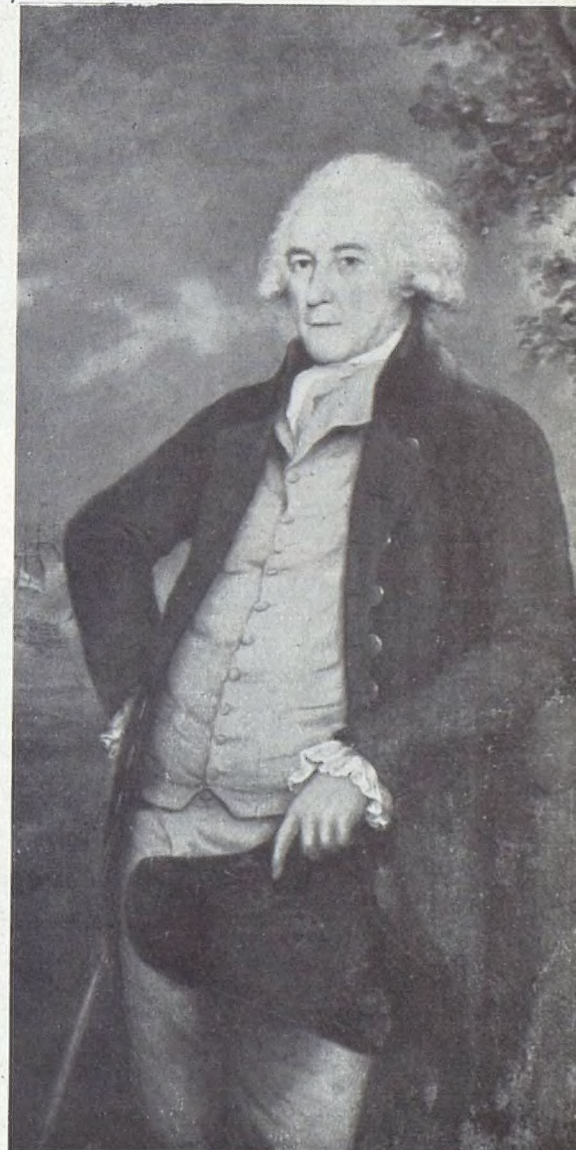
Gothick Ruder than Rustick

THE English, I suppose, always even in the heyday of classicism nourished a secret passion for ivy-clad towers looming through the damp. You have only to compare the gay confectionery of Sienna Cathedral, technically a Gothic building, with the pseudo-Gothic Oxford Union, to realize how unsuited was the mood to the strident Italian character, and how it expresses the repressed, dreaming English.

Persistent Tradition

ENGLAND never really lost the taste for Gothic, even in the full noon of the Renaissance. My native Oxfordshire and Berkshire are studded with Gothic churches built by the Oxford colleges as late as 1640—"Laudian" churches as they are called. And barely two generations later came Vanbrugh, with his monumental Gothic romanticism at Seaton Delaval and Kimbolton. And Vanbrugh is hotly followed by Batty Langley, and Walpole announced, "my every pagoda has taken the veil," and Mr. Beckford is rearing his tower at Fonthill, and the Prince Regent admires his goldfish and Lady Jersey in the Gothic dining-room at Carlton House and before we know where we are Queen Victoria and her consort are laying plans for Balmoral. I possess two Barr, Flight and Barr, Worcester vases decorated with Gothic ruins. I like to think they were inspired by "Childe Harold." In actual fact they are slightly earlier.

Simon Hasenot-Smith



Archibald Kennedy, 11th Earl of Cassillis, ancestor of Lord Ailsa



Queen of the Coupons: Cicely Courtneidge, as Jo Fox, believes in getting a little more than the necessities of life from under the counter, and arranges her romantic affairs by string pulling in Whitehall



A Diplomatic Dilemma: Tended by the faithful Eva (Irene Handl) Jo faints conveniently away on discovering that Tim Garret (Thorley Walters) is a Cabinet Minister's secretary. She finds she has to do some smart work with Tim's songs in exchange for an interview with Sir Alec Dunne

The Theatre

THERE is little music in this musical play, the scenery can scarcely be said to change, and the story travels neither very fast nor very far. Are these shortcomings? Possibly. But nobody notices them. The entertainment is a sustained bout of light-hearted fooling by Miss Cicely Courtneidge; and time cannot stale the infinite variety of her burlesque. Only a husband would have the hardihood to work a woman as mercilessly as Mr. Jack Hulbert works Miss Courtneidge. While she is on the stage the deftness of his producing makes things as easy as possible for her, but then she is rarely off the stage. Even when the very Hulbertian chorus—dewily decorative yet decorous as tulips—comes, as we suppose, to her rescue, she, who has just popped out of one door, pops in through another to lead the dance, and if the young ladies are allowed to sway and nod she is always called upon to foot it briskly in the forefront, a gaily irresponsible piece of thistle-down among the tulips. Yet never was martyrdom borne more joyously.

In the cause of Dramatic Expediency Miss Courtneidge must roll three distinct though

not incompatible characters into one. There is an etiquette in these matters, and how could we be plausibly given the songs and dances that we have a right to expect from a musical piece if the heroine were not an actress in the habit of calling sudden rehearsals in her drawing-room? The actress must also be a woman who gets rather more stuff from under the counter in wartime than she could possibly need at any time, the reason being that the author, Mr. Arthur Macrae, has a particularly good line in quips about the black market. Don't we all, he has the impudence to suggest, buy other people's clothing coupons, and, contrariwise, don't our mouths water at the sight of one shameless woman who does? This incorrigible wangler has, at the same time, to be a woman whose youth is going from her and whose lip trembles pathetically when the man she hopes to marry arrives from Paris with a secretary who, whatever her professional qualifications, is beyond a doubt superbly young. Miss Courtneidge has already sniffed one of the bottles of black market sherry. "Before the war," she tells her maid, "they called it Ronuk." Hospitably she



The Company Take a Call at the End of the Performance



Romantic Complications: Sir Alec Dunne (Hartley Power) proposes with flowers to Zoe Tritton (Jeanne Stuart), one of those glamorous secretaries who knows a good thing when she sees it, while her former boss, Mike Kennerdine (Cyril Raymond) is the unwitting pawn of a Whitehall wangle

"Under the Counter" (Phoenix)

presses this sherry upon the young woman. Without these three characters the play could scarcely run to three acts, but that, after all, is the author's affair, and what concerns us more are the three phases of burlesque on which Miss Courtneidge rings the changes inexhaustibly throughout the evening. She is gaily presumptuous; she is dreadfully taken aback; and she recovers her agomb with a sudden stroke of absurdity. Now it is the pestering amateur composer who sets her down by resenting her snub and, at the same time, disclosing that he is the private secretary of the one Cabinet Minister who might be cajoled into arranging for the transfer of her old sweetheart from Paris to London. Then it is the Cabinet Minister who, though blandly unresponsive to her frantic string-pulling, yields to a desire to kiss her. Finally, it is the sweetheart himself who has a healthy scorn for string-pulling women and, anyway, likes his work in Paris. He also seems to like his secretary. And in the later stages of the imbroglio, when the old sweetheart seems inclined to take a serious view of her flightiness and the Cabinet Minister, instead

of letting her refuse him, proposes to somebody else, Miss Courtneidge astonishingly achieves pathos. It is brought off as neatly, as quickly, as surely as any of her innumerable comic effects. And then she comes up smiling and drifts into fresh absurdity without having broken the texture of her performance. It is a wholly delightful performance, made up of small, fine strokes, and at its very best in a dexterous verbal ballet mocking the wartime habit of conversing in initials and in the nicely acidulated civilian retort upon combatants who lightly assume that they have had a monopoly of danger.

It is, indeed, Miss Courtneidge's evening, but how admirably Mr. Hartley Power revels in the jovial vanity of a hard-boiled Cabinet Minister, how unobtrusively helpful is the support given by Mr. Cyril Raymond and by a newcomer with a highly individual and agreeable turn of comedy, Mr. Thorley Walters. The intervening parterres are gay with tulips, and of one song, "The Moment I Saw You," more will undoubtedly be heard.

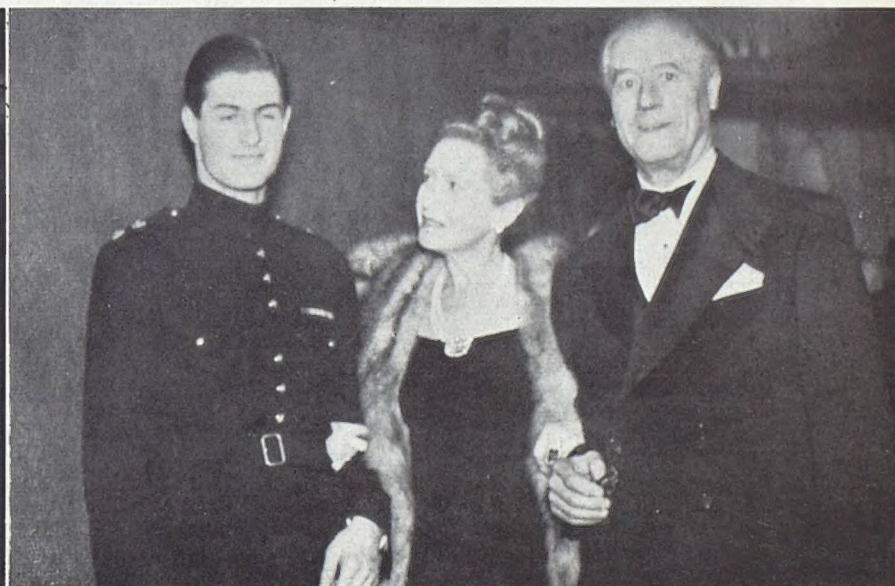
ANTHONY COOKMAN



Major Peter Haddon, who brought his pretty daughter, Rosaline, to see "Under the Counter," has just returned from Cairo, where he has been broadcasting during the war to wives and mothers of men serving overseas



Sally Ann Howes and Her Mother, Mrs. Bobby Howes



Mr. Paul Methuen and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Payne



A Bad Film Is A Bad Film Whoever Makes It

THE Editor of the *Tatler* has received the following letter from a lady:—

I and many other readers am still wondering why you continue to let James Agate be your film critic? He only disparages any English film that appears, and if anyone took his column seriously there would hardly ever be a film worth going to. He makes one feel that it is a great loss to us as a nation that he cannot descend to be a film director himself, as then all would be perfect. His column is a boring blot on your paper.

J. A.'s observations are as follows:—

1. This enchanting communication reminds J.A. of the day when the editor of a well-known Sunday paper was asked why he allowed his dramatic critic to spill bilge all over the columns of that august sheet and so "spoil the morning tea of self and Countess."
2. If J.A. were a film director he would not spend a million pounds where fifty thousand would do.
3. He would produce more than one film every four years.
4. J.A. will not in any circumstances approve of films, however British, in which respectable lawyers pour glue on the tresses of respectable British maidens to keep them from running after American soldiers. In which bread-and-butter misses turn into highwaymen. In which young ladies with the sex-appeal of a Jane Eyre are the cause whereby Italian gigolos fight fatal duels. In which young ladies about as musical as David Copperfield's Dora bring the Albert Hall to its feet with a rendering of Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto in B flat minor at sight and never having played with an orchestra before.
5. J.A. has no space in which to give a list of the British films he has praised, but—
6. He quotes a sentence or two from recent articles about American films to show that he has no pro-Hollywood bias: "Is Hollywood stark, staring mad?" "Is the story imbecile? Yes. Are the dances the ugliest and ungainliest ever? Yes. Wit and humour? There is none. The acting? There ain't any." "So he died composing 'Love Walked In,' whereat the film critic of the *Tatler* walked out." "Unfortunately one hour and twenty minutes elapsed before your critic realized the existence of a small door through which he could escape unobserved into a side street." He repeats: The foregoing are all culled from notices of recent American films.

D'you want any more, lady?

Three Strangers (Warner) has been produced by Wolfgang Reinhardt and directed by Jean Negulesco with music by Adolph Deutsch. Here are indications that this film is sufficiently non-British to prejudice the present writer in its favour! Things, however, don't quite work out that way, and I declare this

picture to be unmitigated bosh from its first silly moment to its last.

THE first of the three strangers in this film is Crystal Shackleford (Geraldine Fitzgerald), "a well-bred Englishwoman unusually wrapped up in the influence of Kwan Yin, Chinese goddess of human destinies." The second stranger is Jerome K. Arbuthny (Sydney Greenstreet), said to be a London barrister but engaged in a business which to me looked uncommonly like that of a solicitor. The third is John West (Peter Lorre), a philosophic drunkard of sorts. Crystal picks these two men up in the street on the plea that it is the Chinese New Year (so like a well-bred Englishwoman!), and takes them to her flat, her husband being in Canada. There is some nonsense in front of the statue of Kwan Yin at the end of which the three desire the goddess to grant that they may draw the winner in the Grand National sweep. And then the fun starts. Crystal tries to regain the love of her husband, who has fallen for another woman, and we go through the old rigmarole of "I can give you more than she can." Whereupon the husband replies: "What's the use of offering me a million oranges when what I want is a banana?" Or words to that effect. While this is going on Arbuthny speculates with funds entrusted to him by the widowed Lady Belladon (so like an English barrister!) but he is foiled by Lord Belladon, who for the past two years has been sending his relict messages from the spirit world and now tells her to have her account examined. In the meantime, West has got himself mixed up in a gang robbery which includes a murder.

FINALLY we come to the Grand National, which is apparently run off in something like fourteen seconds, and appears to be a flat-race. The trio's horse has won, but unfortunately by this time Arbuthny has used the idol to smash in Crystal's skull two minutes before her husband arrived to shoot her. Which means that shareholder No. 1 is out of the way, while shareholder No. 2 is on the way to the Old Bailey. (It would be interesting to know how many English barristers have stood in the dock on the capital charge.) John West? Since this character is played by Peter Lorre, readers will not be surprised to learn that he has smiled his way out of the jail in which he was erroneously incarcerated. He destroys the winning ticket, not being enough of a philosopher to realize (a) how much whiskey his share of the £30,000 will bring him, and (b) that in destroying property belonging to his partners' executors he must land himself in jail this time for keeps. Why did he do this? For the sake of "a little Cockney girl who, throughout the story, has smoothed his path from time to time." Whatever I think of British films, I cannot see any British director allowing Johnny Mills to turn

with

James Agate

down £10,000 because such sum would roughen the path of some Bethnal Green flowerlet.

Pink String and Sealing Wax (Tivoli). Here is what I wrote about this piece when it was a stage play:—

Mr. Roland Pertwee's *Pink String and Sealing Wax* is very nearly the worst play I have seen since the war. But it makes one of the most amusing evenings. It is a formless jumble about Young Things imagining themselves to be potential geniuses, and Old Things, coming down hard on such notions, all mixed up with spots of illicit love and murder. Against which one admits that the stage is continually alive . . . As an Awful Child Miss Margaret Barton runs off with the show. The evening, I repeat, belongs to little Miss Barton, at whom I am still laughing.

The makers of the present film have taken care that there is no Miss Barton to run off with the present picture. This little actress and the character, the two things which made the play worth while, have gone; the jumble remains. There is still the domineering father with the elder daughter who wants to go into opera, and for that purpose sings outside the door of a Brighton concert hall to attract the attention of Madame Patti who is performing there. The Great Adelina is so much impressed that she arranges for the young woman to enter for a scholarship at the Royal College of Music (so like a prima donna!). In the stage play there was a trifling murder, about which nobody bothered very much, to keep the comedy going. The film has changed all that, and we are given a murder story with no fun at all except that provided very wittily and a trifle unexpectedly by Catherine Lacey in the role of a bibulous harridan. The heroine of the picture is a full-blown murderess who, when she is not murdering, walks about Brighton in a black lace, décolleté evening-gown, even if it's eleven o'clock in the morning. In short, this is one of the worst British films I have ever seen though it passes the time pleasantly enough owing, perhaps, to the amusing dresses and the general air of what one might vaguely call the Mrs. Henry Wood period.

GOOGIE WITHERS is excellent as a barmaid of whom you can say with Henley:—

. . . if her aspirates take their ease,
She ever makes a point, in washing glass,
Handling the engine, turning taps for *lots*,
And countering change, and scorning what men say,

Of posing as a dove among the pots,
Nor often gives her dignity away.

But why does this intelligent actress hamper her dignity in the matter of name? In comedy "Googie" is well enough. But as a serious murderess—and a comic murderess, God help us, is a thing of naught—she should ponder what she would think if she saw on a theatre-programme: "Lady Macbeth—Boogie-Woogie Smithers."

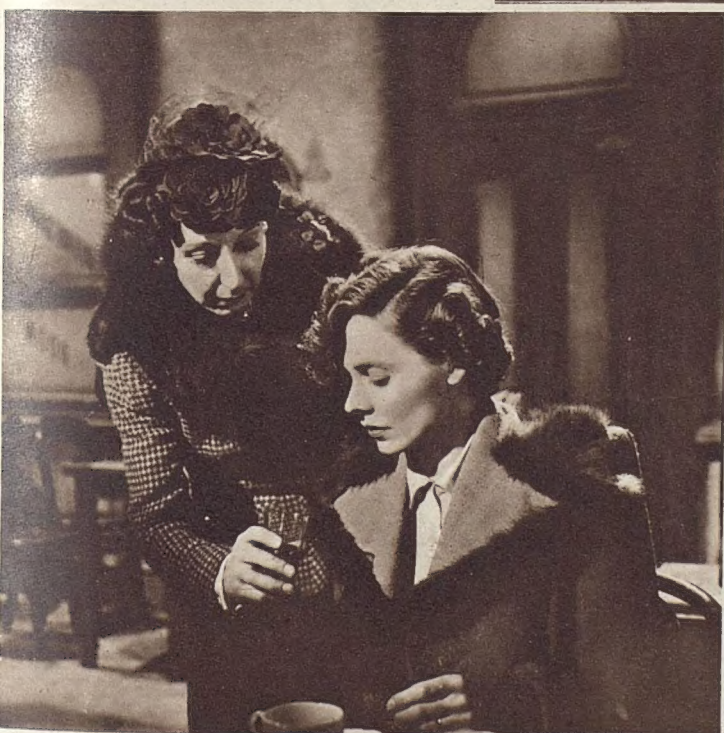
“Brief Encounter”

Written by
Noel Coward

● Celia Johnson follows on *In Which We Serve* and *This Happy Breed* with yet another of her sincere, emotional and restrained performances in *Brief Encounter*. She is Laura Jesson, a contented married woman fixed in her quiet domestic round until she meets Dr. Alec Harvey (Trevor Howard). They both have made weekly trips to the local town for years, and one day they meet in the railway station. After that these expeditions take on a new colour for both of them, and they realise that they are in love. Laura, a conventional woman, is made miserable by this emotional experience, and finally she and Alec realise that they must part, because they are both married. In the railway refreshment-room where they first met casually, so they have to say good-bye, but when Laura returns to her husband, Fred (Cyril Raymond), she finds him both tender and understanding



Laura Jesson with Alec Harvey, the man she meets in a railway station, and with whom she falls deeply and unforgettably in love (Celia Johnson, Trevor Howard)



Laura and Alec realise that they have to part for ever, and as Alec leaves her Laura faints, to be brought round by an acquaintance (Everley Gregg, Celia Johnson)



Realising that she cannot desert her home and family, Laura makes the great decision of her life and finds comfort and understanding in her husband, Fred (Cyril Raymond and Celia Johnson)

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Notes in the
Margin.Dec. 5thDecember Sales at
Newmarket. Third
Day.Dec. 6thChristmas Dinner
Ball at the Dorchester
in aid of the Royal
National Throat,
Nose & Eye Hospital.
President, Lady WaddiloveDec. 9thMeeting of the
Opera Circle.
Lecturer, Mr. David
L. Webster of the
Covent Garden
Opera Trust,
49 Grosvenor Street,
W.1. 8 p.m.Dec. 11thCoursing -
Opening Meeting
over the new
Hawthorn Hill
Ground.

PRINCESS MARGARET

WITH her naturally strong constitution and her excellent spirits, Princess Margaret is making a rapid recovery after her operation for appendicitis, and all friends who have seen her since, report that she is eager to get back to her usual full and energetic life. One of the things she had to forgo while in her sick-room at Buckingham Palace was attendance at the weekly choir-practices which Princess Elizabeth and a small group of her friends have been holding in preparation for Christmas-carol singing. This was a real deprivation, for Princess Margaret has a true and pleasant voice and is very fond of singing. Besides this, the carol party was largely her own idea!

The fact that His Majesty felt free to go to Sandringham for a few days' shooting within a week of the operation was the best possible proof that all was well with the Princess.

RETIREMENT AND APPOINTMENT

BOTH the King and Queen, as well as a host of famous and important personages who have come in contact with him during his eight years at the Palace, will be very sorry when Sir Eric Miéville quits, at his own request, his post as Assistant Private Secretary to His Majesty at the end of the year, to carve out a new career for himself in the City. Tall, slim and distinguished, Sir Eric has been a popular figure in diplomatic and social London ever since he returned from India—where, as Private Secretary to the late Lord Willingdon, he had been virtually Prime Minister to the Viceroy—to join the then Duke of York as Private Secretary. A first-class golfer and excellent lawn-tennis player, he partnered the King frequently at both games in the more leisurely Royal days before the war. Major Michael Adeane, Coldstream Guards, who succeeds him, is a grandson of the late Lord Stamfordham, Private Secretary to King George V., and possessor of a first-class brain which gained him a Double First at Cambridge.

QUEEN MARY AT PREMIÈRE

THE magnificent sum of £7000 was raised by the Première of the film *The Wicked Lady*, given in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at the Gaumont, Haymarket. All the seats were sold long before the big night, and Queen Mary was present. Her Majesty wore a lovely blue brocade Chinese coat, exquisitely embroidered with Imperial dragons, over her long evening dress, and was received by Lady Waddilove, chairman of the Première committee, and Mr. Arthur Rank, who once again had generously lent one of his theatres, and given the first performance of the film for a very good cause. A long guard of honour, formed by men of the Royal Artillery, many wearing ribbons of decorations for gallantry won in this war, lined the entrance to the theatre, and after several presentations to Her Majesty as she paused in the foyer, she proceeded to the Royal Box. On her way out after the picture, Queen Mary stopped in front of Margaret Lockwood's seat and congratulated her on her good performance in the film.

SUPPER PARTY

AFTER the Première, Mr. Arthur and the Hon. Mrs. Rank gave a supper party, where I saw Mr. Herbert Morrison and his attractive, fair-haired daughter, Mrs. Williams, Lady Waddilove, who looked charming in a white evening coat over her pale-blue dress, had come on from the Première, and so had Lady Stamford. Lord and Lady Rothermere were chatting to Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Minister, who was in great form with a fund of amusing stories. Mrs. Bevin, who looked nice in a short white ermine coat over her evening dress, had come with her husband. Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys were chatting to Dorothy Hyson. Others I saw at the party were Mrs. A. V. Alexander, whose husband came in after supper; the Hon. Gerald Williamson, Lord Forres' only brother,

who came with Mrs. Williamson; Yehudi Menuhin, the famous violinist; Mr. Mark Ostrer and his wife; and Mr. Minney, who had produced the film, accompanied, by Mrs. Minney.

ANGUS WEDDING

THE people of Angus will long remember the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Douglas of Brighton to Major Ian Macmillan, of the Gordon Highlanders, at St. John's, Forfar. Being a member of one of the oldest families in Angus, she was accorded a rare honour—the bells of Forfar Steeple were rung during the wedding ceremony—which, I am told, is the first time in living memory that this has happened. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thornes-Roberts, took the name of Douglas when she inherited the family estates at Brighton on the death of her grandfather in 1938, and succeeded to the representation of the house of Douglas of Brighton. The Lord Lyon King of Arms officially recognised her as the bearer of the title. For her wedding she looked lovely in a dress of cream satin with a beautiful Honiton lace veil and a diamond necklace, the gift of the bridegroom's mother. She was followed up the aisle by two trainbearers, Elizabeth Ramsay, four-year-old daughter of the Hon. Simon Ramsay, and Heather Drummond, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Drummond, of Megginch. They wore period dresses of cream jersey and carried posies of cream rosebuds. The bridesmaids were Miss Angela Cayzer, Miss Diana Gray-Cheape, Miss Maryel Gardyne, Miss Christian Guthrie and Miss Jocelyn Jones. Major Duke, M.C., of the Gordon Highlanders, was best man, and Major the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Colonel John Ogilvy, Captain Walter Ogilvy, Mr. M'Oran-Campbell and Mr. Gavin Don were the ushers. Theirs was a busy job, as the church was packed with friends.

THE RECEPTION

MR. and Mrs. Thornes-Roberts held a reception at Brighton after the ceremony, and in the big crowd here I saw Lady Dalhousie, the Dowager Countess of Southesk and her two daughters-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Carnegie and the Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie, and Lady Lyell, who came over from Kirriemuir with Sir Torquil and Lady Munro of Lindertis and their little daughter, Fiona. The Earl of Airlie, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, was accompanied by the Countess of Airlie. Others I saw were the Hon. Mrs. Stourton and Miss Enid Stourton, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Arbuthnott, the Hon. Nancy Arbuthnott, the Hon. Mrs. Maitland and her daughter, Mrs. Peter Yorke, Lady Ogilvy-Wedderburn, Mrs. Gray-Cheape, of Carse Gray, and her daughter, Mrs. Peter Dudgeon; Lady Cayzer; and Major Thomas Fotheringham, M.C., Scots Guards, with Mrs. Fotheringham.

FILM OF BRAZIL

MANY members of the Brazilian colony in London gathered together for the charming party given at the Mayfair by Countess Regina Regis de Oliveira, sister of the late Brazilian Ambassador, who was so popular and beloved here during his long term of office. The film, which was in colour, gave one the most perfect pictures of the beauty of Brazil.

The Countess, who is an expert photographer, had also done all the cutting of the film; and had herself written the running commentary. Amongst those who came to see this picture and afterwards to enjoy a delightful cocktail-party were the Brazilian Ambassador and Dona Isabel de Aragao, the Consul-General, Senhor Falcas and his family, the Argentine Ambassador, the Peruvian Ambassador, and many other members of the Diplomatic Corps. Also among the two hundred guests were Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Baroness Ravensdale, who had touches of emerald green on her black dress and hat, and Sir George and Lady Frankenstein. Others were Sir Austin and Lady Harris and their daughter, Mme. de Lagareune, the Marchioness of Ely, the Countess of Gainsborough, Lady Lilian Boyd, Prince Alex Czartorsky, Mrs. Robert Newman and Lord Queenborough.

Social Activities in London

South Africa House Reception and Two Committee Meetings



Mr. Heaton Nicholls, High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Mr. G. B. van Zyl, Governor-General-Designate, Mrs. van Zyl and Mrs. Heaton Nicholls at South Africa House.

Photographs by Swaebe



Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hawkins. She was Miss Cullinan, of the Cullinan diamond family

● The High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa and Mrs. Heaton Nicholls recently gave a reception at South Africa House for the Governor-General-Designate of the Union of South Africa, Mr. G. B. van Zyl, and Mrs. van Zyl

Right: The Hon. J. Maurice de Villiers, R.A.F., and Miss Sylvia Schweppe, whose book, "The Officers' Sunday Club," is being published by Hutchinson



Lady McGowan, the Rt. Hon. A. V. and Mrs. Alexander, Sir Harry Brittain and Lord McGowan at South Africa House. Mr. Alexander is First Lord of the Admiralty in this Government, a post he held in the Coalition War Cabinet



Lt.-Col. R. H. Rogers, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, with his father, Lt. R. E. Rogers, S.E.A.C., were guests at the South Africa House reception. Both have recently returned from service in Italy



Mrs. Maurice Bigio and Lady Doughty

Lady Doughty is a vice-president of the Christmas Dinner Ball fixed for to-morrow, December 6, at the Dorchester, in aid of the Royal National Throat, Nose and Ear Hospital, and was photographed at a committee meeting to discuss final points



Admiral Sir Percy Noble and Lady Cunningham

Admiral Sir Percy Noble, appointed C-in-C. the Western Approaches in 1941, and Lady Cunningham of Hyndhope, wife of the First Sea Lord, worked on the committee of the première of "Brief Encounter," in aid of the Royal Naval War Libraries

Important Wedding in Angus

The Marriage of Miss Douglas of Brighton
to Major I. L. E. Macmillan



Major I. L. E. Macmillan, M.B.E., and Mrs. Macmillan
after the ceremony

● The marriage of Miss Marion Elizabeth Charlotte Douglas of Brighton to Major I. L. E. Macmillan, M.B.E., Gordon Highlanders, only son of the late Mr. D. A. Macmillan, took place at St. John's Episcopal Church, Forfar. It is fully described by Jennifer on another page. The bride succeeded to the representation of the house of Douglas of Brighton on the death of her grandfather, and is a member of one of the oldest families in Angus. Canon Harry Rorison did not bring his rations in the basket he carried, but a present of rare pyrex dishes, carefully packed!



Elizabeth Ramsay, five-year-old daughter
of the Hon. Simon Ramsay, a bridesmaid



The Earl and Countess of Airlie
on their way to the church



The Hon. Nancy Arbuthnott and
Sir Torquil Munro of Lindertis



Canon Harry Rorison, Lady Cayzer and
the Hon. Mrs. Duthie Carnegie (left)

Notable Wedding in London

The Master of Falkland's Daughter Marries
Major William Vernon Nelson



Major William Vernon Nelson and Mrs. Nelson cutting the wedding cake

● The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Ann Cary, elder daughter of the Master of Falkland and of Mrs. Walker, and granddaughter of Viscount Falkland, to Major William Vernon Nelson, 8th Hussars, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bride wore a white broché satin dress designed by herself, and carried a bouquet of gardenias. After the ceremony Mrs. Walker held a reception, which was attended by many well-known people, friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom. Lord and Lady Sandhurst came with their two sons, the Hon. Terence and the Hon. Ralph Mansfield.

Photographs by Swaabe



Viscount Falkland with his granddaughter, Jean Cary, sister of the bride



Mrs. John Walker and the Master of Falkland, parents of the bride



Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, two of the important guests at the reception



Lady Headley at the reception, with the Hon. Terence Mansfield



Lord and Lady Sandhurst with their younger son, the Hon. Ralph Mansfield



A Class of G.I.s Receiving a Demonstration of Stemming

Photographs by Schmidli, Black Star



P. F. C. Buchanan, from Tennessee, with S/Sgt. Eveline Colebank



Bill Mahoney Gives Support to W.A.C. Rose Christensen



MEMORIES FOR MANY—

Wintersports Leave for a Few!

G.I.s and W.A.C.s at Ski School During European Vacation

● This is the time when wintersports nostalgia comes over us! These fine photographs of American service men and women on Swiss leave will rouse many memories and hopes for wintersports holidays again. Swiss leave is much sought-after by G.I.s and W.A.C.s in Europe, and many have gone to a ski school. Ski-ing as a sport began in Norway about 1860 and gradually became popular in every country with suitable terrain. It's the major winter outdoor recreation along the snow belt of Canada and the U.S.A., but obviously only a small proportion of the huge population of the U.S.A. have the chance of wintersports at home



Off Duty in Essex

W/Cdr. Vigors and His Family



A Quiet Evening by the Fire



Joanna Lends a Helping Hand in the Garden



A Family of Three



Joanna Has a Romp on the Grass

● W/Cdr. Vigors is the second son of Mr. C. Vigors, who is a well-known trainer at Tallmaine Castle, Felhard, Co. Tipperary. W/Cdr. Vigors, who is a keen horseman himself, rode regularly with the Tipperary Hounds until he went to Cranwell, where he chose the R.A.F. as a career. His wife was formerly Miss Jan Murray, and they were married in Singapore during the evacuation. From there they went on to Java and Bangalore, where W/Cdr. Vigors was second whip to the Bangalore Hounds for two years, and Joanna, their only child, was also born there in 1943. They are now living in a restored cottage at Radwinter, near Saffron Walden, Essex, and W/Cdr. Vigors commands an R.A.F. night-fighter station at Fighter Command

Photographs by John Topham, Sidcup

Star Exchange Cocktail-Party

An Anglo-American Pact for World Entertainment



Sally Gray, lovely young star of many British plays and films, and Michael Wilding looked in good form. They have just finished appearing together in the film "Carnival," while Mr. Wilding is considering a new script



Pauline Tennant (daughter of Hermione Baddeley) talked to William Dover, from Hollywood, for whom the party was given. Miss Tennant's great ambition is to leave the stage and films for a while and write a novel



Deep in conversation were Mr. Jack Dunfee and George Robey, who looked as if he might be cracking one of his famous jokes, while Mrs. George Robey was with Mr. S. E. Linnit and Mr. William Dover, who left for the States early the next morning



Ben Lyon, out of uniform now, is an Executive for Twentieth Century-Fox, and was in the midst of a discussion with Anna Neagle and her producer husband, Herbert Wilcox, whose latest joint success was "I Live in Grosvenor Square"

• A cocktail-party was held in London recently to celebrate the forming of an association between Linnit and Dunfee and the famous Artistes' Corporation of Hollywood. This will facilitate the exchange of British and American film-stars, to the advantage of films to be made on both sides of the Atlantic. Among the many well-known film and stage personalities present were that fine actor Mervyn Johns, Frank Cellier, who has just completed his original part in the film version of *Quiet Week-end*, and Patrick Hamilton, whose new play, *Ethel Fry*, is coming on early in the New Year

Christening Groups

First Portraits of Eight N



The Hon. Mrs. John Gretton's twins, Anthony David Erik and Elizabeth Margaret, were christened at Anslow Church by the Dean of Lichfield. She is the wife of Lord Gretton's son, and was Miss Margaret Loeffler. Her other children are four-year-old John Hendrik and six-year-old Mary Ann. The Grettons live at Needwood



Peter Geoffrey Bell Maitland Newberry, infant son of W/Cdr. and Mrs. J. H. Newberry, was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The grandparents, Col. and Mrs. A. E. Maitland, came to the ceremony, and the godparents were the Rev. A. J. Wilcox, Miss McLellan and Mrs. Michael MacNeil



Hubert Richard Preston's christening at St. Anne's, Chertsey. Capt. Crichton Stuart, Scots Guards, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Richard Martin Preston, D.S.O., and the Hon. Mrs. Preston, of Woburn Hall, Addleston, with baby Hubert, and Mrs. Colledge after the ceremony. Mrs. Preston was the widow of Lt.-Cdr. J. H. Forbes, R.N., and has three children by her first marriage. Lt.-Col. the Hon. R. M. Preston is a great-uncle of Viscount Gormanston. He has two sons and three daughters by his first marriage



Mrs. Russell Lloyd (the baby John Patrick Howard L. Mulberry Harbour expert, and John's christening at Stokegray been appearing in that great

and a Nursery Picture

Arrivals in Seven Families



Serge Beddington-Behrens, infant son of Major and Mrs. E. Beddington-Behrens, was christened at the Grosvenor Chapel by the Bishop of Derby. His mother was Princess Irena Obolensky. She is the daughter of Prince and Princess Serge Obolensky



Miss Rosamund John (left) with Lt. Russell Lloyd, R.N.V.R., and Howard de Walden (right) after church. Miss Rosamund John has just finished film "The Way to the Stars"



W/Cdr. and Mrs. John de Laszlo's infant daughter was christened Camilla Lucy at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. W/Cdr. de Laszlo, who is with the R.A.F. Mission in France, is a son of the portrait-painter. Mrs. de Laszlo is a daughter of Sir Richard Cruise, Surgeon-Oculist to King George V. Martin and Lavinia de Laszlo are in front



Richard Wakefield Raynsford's christening group. Admiring grandmothers, Lady Wakefield (left) and Mrs. R. M. Raynsford (right), with Mrs. A. E. M. Raynsford and baby Richard. Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P. (grandfather), the Marchioness of Northampton, Lt.-Col. R. M. Raynsford (grandfather), High Sheriff of Northants; and the Marquess of Northampton (left to right, standing). The ceremony took place at Dallington Church, with which the Raynsfords have been associated since Saxon times



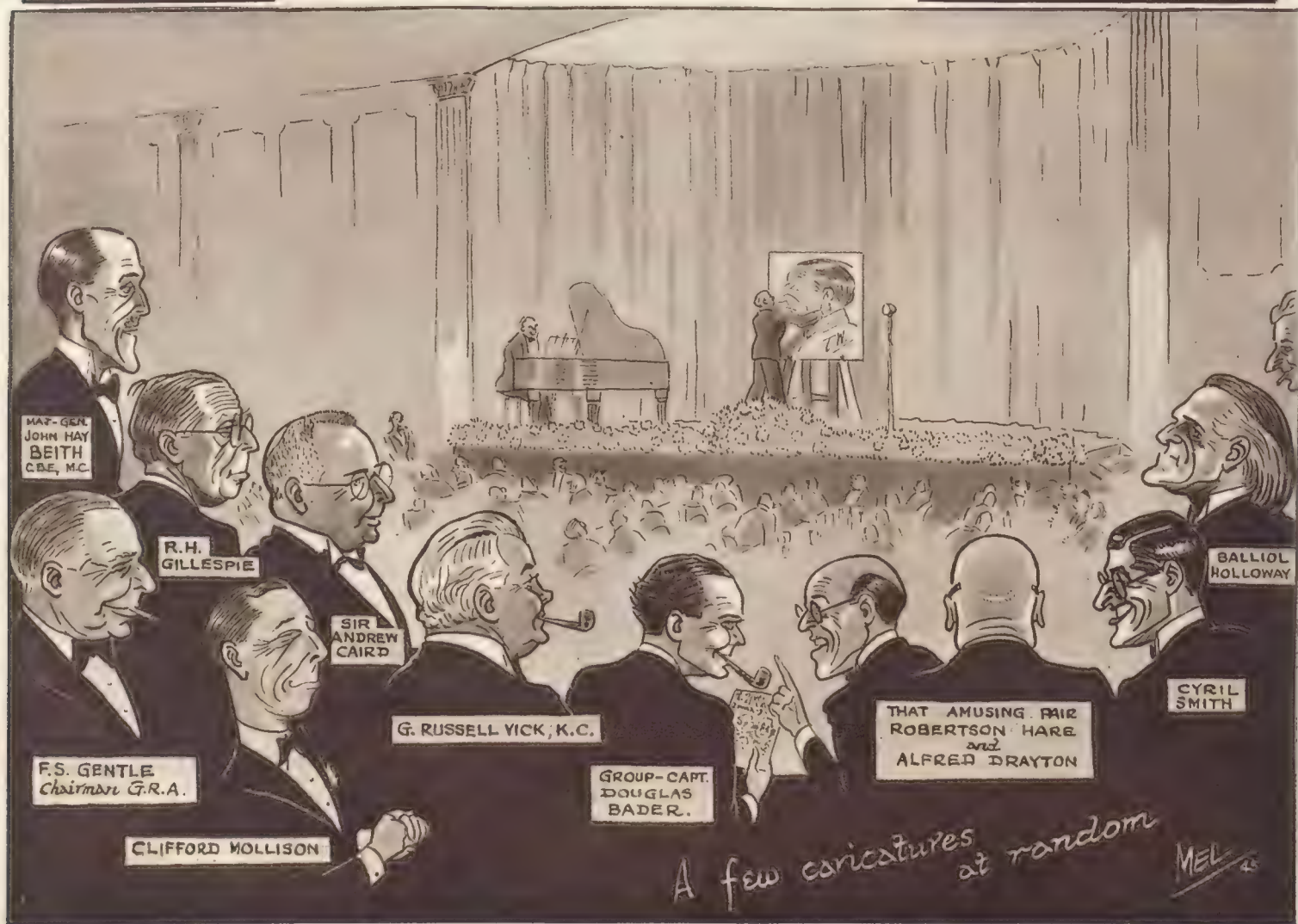
Some well-known personalities of the theatre who were enjoying the festivities were (left) Firth Shephard; (above) Herbert Mann, Shaun Glenville, Joe Megan, Lupino Lane and Tom Webster; (right) Bill Linnet and Richard Bird

The Stage Golfing Society

Hold Their 21st Annual Dinner

● Although the Stage Golfing Society has long ago come of age, they held their twenty-first annual dinner in London recently. The chair was taken by the president, Major-Gen. John Hay Beith (Ian Hay), who proposed the toast "The Society," to which Mr. R. H. Gillespie replied, acting as stand-in for Capt. Leslie Banks, who was unable to be present. Clifford Mollison, a superlative after-dinner speaker, proposed "Our Guests," and replies were forthcoming from Sir Andrew Caird and G/Capt. Douglas Bader

Photographs by Swaebe



By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Dog Lovers

ANOTHER of those very kind Femmes Savantes (*ref.* Molière) who forbid the machinery to get rusty, otherwise help me to keep abreast of the tide, has written saying that, as I appear to be so fond of hounds, why do I not occasionally put in a few dog stories for the delectation of those who love the friend of man? It is not unwillingness, but fear, which bars the way. Dogs have just as much chance (in print) as fish, and my experience is that the unfeeling call you a liar almost before you have opened your mouth. However, being always only too anxious to please, here are two which are *absolutely* true. There was once upon a time a sprite, who was literally encased in gold like the Shwé-Dagôn Pagoda; as good a looker as any of those stone images in the British Museum, a gurgling contralto voice, and teeth like the keys of a Steinway. She had two absorbing mania: singing, and tykes, and was only approachable by those avenues. Not unnaturally, any Spring Captains, whose bent was honourable, and whose purpose marriage, were after her faster than any scalded cat has ever travelled. The first to try his luck, after the customary affabilities of lunch (with Veuve), flowers, ponies' sore backs, and suchlike, was a particularly well-clipped and singed officer who went by the pet name of "The Spadger." She asked him to tea à deux. Of course, he said to himself, "This is IT!" So he took his Scalyham with him, to make it an odds-on chance. All went well until Minerva sat down at the pianoforte and started to sing a song, which said that she was "less than the dust," or words to that effect. She hadn't got farther than "less than the rust that never stained thy sword," than that tyke let out a howl that would have shaken the Seven Sluggards of Ephesus. Budding romance was killed stone-dead. When "The Spadger" told a chap called "The Vulp," because he looked exactly like a fox, how things had gone, he said: "You must have bewitched it! I'll have a go!" So he went, and took his bull-terrier "Skinner" with him, a silent and rather morose dog. Minerva had hardly started "Winds in the Trees" before the brute charged in and bit her on the gaskin! So what?

Bright and Early

MOST of us have an admiration for those with the courage of their opinions—I have—and so, in spite of the inevitable criticism, which the doing of the unexpected always invites, I am glad that one of the Tritons of the Ring has provided us with a list of Grand National quotations before we so much as know the entries! I think Mr. William Hill, the operator in question, has only made one mistake, he should have said: "This is my opinion!", for that is all that these very interesting prices can be. The whole fleet of them destined for the National (and we too) might be a nasty, atomised mess by next March. Personally, I have the utmost respect for Mr. William Hill's appraisal of form, because he has already proved to us that he has the penetrating eye. His list is all the more interesting at this moment, because of all this chatter about the Irish horses, and the "wonderings-why" they are laying our own out so stone-cold. Incidentally, there is no room for "wonder"; the explanation is elementary, my dear Watson. If a man who had been on bread and water for years thought that he could beat someone who had been on good beef-steak and good beer all along, we know what we should think of him. These invaders are probably no better class than our own; the point is they have never been starved and have been in first-class battle practice all through the war. Ours have hardly been schooled. One real good rough-and-tumble in public is worth a dozen schools. The old saw: "*Licet et ab hoste doceri*," still remains true!

"Correction, Please!"

IN Mr. Hill's National list he starts with Prince Regent, 5 to 1, and this, no doubt, is very prudent of him, but I do not follow him when he says that Poor Flame is only three points longer. This very attractive young chaser beat a slow, but honest, horse in Schubert at level weights at Cheltenham just as he liked; he capped this about a fortnight later by doing exactly the same thing to Chaka, giving a few pounds over 3 miles at Windsor; the form at which course I never rate very high. Chaka is not a slow horse; he is young for a jumper, and he is an up-and-coming one; but I should not, at the moment, put him top of the class. The Irish handicappers have not said how Poor Flame stands in relation to Prince Regent, because the two have never come into contact, but they have said something very definite indeed about Prince Blackthorn, who is quoted at 12 to 1. The Irish handicappers put this horse at about 2 st. below the Irish champion, and Irish Grand National winners like Knight's Crest (1944), Heirdom (1945) and Roman Hackle, who has just beaten Prince Regent (November 10th) a short head, are put in 3 st. below him. Everyone, of course, is entitled to his own opinion, but I do not follow the quoted price about this one *vis-à-vis* Prince Blackthorn. If I were asked to take a dive, and back one for next March, I would say that 12 to 1 Prince Blackthorn would seem far more attractive than 8 to 1 Poor Flame, if just Prince Regent, Poor Flame and Prince Blackthorn were the only ones in the equation. None of these horses, bar Bogskar and Poet Prince, know anything about the Aintree fences, and only Bogskar has won the National, and in smart time; but if Ireland is going to take the race away from us next year, as well she may, Prince Regent or no Prince Regent, I think Lord Bicester's "Prince," if he has any luck in the weights, is going to take a power of beating.

Reasons

PRINCE REGENT has been racing under these heavy 12 st. 7 lb. burdens for years: he had a sore back when this year's Irish Grand National was run and so could not be started. That he is as game as ever is evidenced by what he did at Leopardstown as recently as November 10th. He is due to run over here quite soon at Wetherby. Prince Blackthorn has not been



"Yes, we thought it rather strange at first—until we found she was born in a circus"

ridden into the earth with these heavy cargoes; he is a young one, only seven years old; he is an immensely fine type, with all the courage and scope for big obstacles, and with Golden Jack, winner of the I.G.N. 1943 (beating Prince Regent), apparently off the map, he is the Irish handicapper's No. 2. On February 12th, 1944, in the £1000 Chase at Baldoyle, Prince Blackthorn must have won comfortably but for one of those accidents that happen to the very best; he hit the last one, pecked, lost his balance, and rolled over. He had Prince Regent completely at his mercy two fences from home. The weights were Prince Regent 12 st. 7 lb., Prince Blackthorn 10 st. 1 lb. It was evident that he must have won at Windsor the other day, and it was no fault of his that he did not. If our handicappers follow the Irish lead where the weights of this pair are concerned, Lord Bicester must have a very heavy trump in his hand. Inter alia, Prince Blackthorn has beaten Golden Jack, Heirdom and Knight's Crest, all Irish Grand National winners. There is plenty of time for things to happen, and there are plenty more horses about which we can argue and wrangle if we want to! Mr. Hill says that Red April is the better of Lord Stalbridge's pair, Bogskar being the other one. I do not quite see how he works this out, but he may be right.



Golf in Kashmir: Two Pairs of Finalists in the Gulmarg Golf Tournament

Mr. Ellvers and Mr. Chapman were the two finalists in the Victory Cup. Both players are previous winners of the Victory Cup, but although Mr. Chapman won by a comfortable margin, Mr. Ellvers played on with significant steadiness against his brilliant opponent



Mrs. Lock beat Mrs. Paterson in the final of the D.P. Vase, which was played on the upper course and produced some excellent golf. Both are long hitters and steady players, and there was nothing to choose between them



C. K. Saxton (New Zealand) Makes a Fine Run With the Ball



New Zealand Get Away With the Ball



H. E. Cook Converts New Zealand's First Try



The Kiwis Win at Twickenham: England XV. v. the New Zealand Army XV.
The Kiwis: sitting—I. Proctor, F. N. Haigh, H. E. Cook, C. K. Saxton, J. Finlay, K. D. Arnold, J. B. Smith.
Standing: N. J. McPhail, P. K. Hind, J. G. Simpson, J. R. Sherratt, S. W. Woolley, A. W. Blake,
E. G. Boggs, F. R. Allen



The Whaddon Chase meet at Cublington, Bucks: Hounds Move Away from the meet to Draw



Capt. Charles Moore, the King's racing manager, chatted to Mrs. Lillingston, who has a large estate and stud in County Limerick

Bloodstock Sales in Dublin

● The annual November bloodstock sales took place recently at the Royal Dublin Society's Sale Paddocks at Ballsbridge, Dublin. The 717 lots on offer consisted of Horses in Training, Yearlings, Mares and Foals, Stallions, 'Chasers and Hunters. It was evident throughout the sale of Horses in Training that 'Chasers and Hurdlers who had proved their ability were very eagerly sought-after, and very likely the easy successes of Irish jumpers in England recently had something to do with that

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Photographed together were Mrs. FitzGerald, Mr. Harry Ussher, the Irish trainer, and Earl Fitzwilliam, who bought several high-class 'chasers at what looked like bargains



Mrs. Browne-Clayton had a word with Col. Horsburgh-Porter, 12th Lancers, only son of Sir John Horsburgh-Porter



Looking cheerful were Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer, Mrs. Peter FitzGerald, wife of Cdr. Peter FitzGerald, who is the owner of the famous Mondellihy Stud, Co. Limerick, and Mr. Ernest Bellamy, of Esker House, Lucan, Co. Dublin



Sir Thomas Ainsworth, who bought several useful mares at the sale, brought his attractive wife. He is an ex-Master of three well-known Irish packs

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

STANDING BY

DON'T let on just yet, but it almost seems as if Democracy had been the doom of Cayetana, thirteenth Duchess of Alba, Goya's model, queen of Spanish aristocracy, most wayward and fascinating of 18th-century *grandes dames*, whose body has just been exhumed at Madrid for examination.

All her life the haughty Duchess made friends of the humble—bull-fighters, beggars, children, artists, actors. One of her last acts was to bequeath her property to her servants. If the experts discover that she was really poisoned, we suspect not enemies like Prime Minister Godoy and Queen Maria Luisa, but the butler; one of those suave, smooth-cheeked types, we guess. Probably a new will or codicil was in the offing, reducing his original share of the dough by 5 per cent. and giving Boots and Tweeny and the fifteenth assistant groom a bit more. While polishing the Alba silver in his quiet pantry some little plan would readily occur, such as slipping a shot of arsenic into the Amontillado at dinner that night.

Footnote

THIS is the ugly side of butlerhood, and maybe rare. Has it ever occurred to you that Jeeves himself may have hated Bertie Wooster like the devil? Behind that dignified, unflinching bonhomie we often seem to detect a sinister ring. All right, you chinless chuckle-headed basket. You'll cop a nice ninepenny one before long, my lad. Ho, yes. A bit more rope. Trust Jeeves. Yes, sir. Indubitably, sir.

The murky private meditations of Jeeves, off duty, shirt-sleeved in his room, under the coloured picture (*Graphic Derby Number*) of King Edward leading in Minoru—what a gift to some astrigent realist like Graham Greene.

Move

INQUIRIES we've made recently in Clubland into a recent allegation by some lewd fellow that the West End clubs are cremating their oldest members (hence that thick black smoke you see pouring from Pall Mall chimneys round about 6 p.m. every evening) tend to confirm his statement.

For many years most of the leading clubs have been sick of their oldest members, many of whom were rotting quietly away in the best armchairs. Eventually a practical Kitchen Committee-man suggested the obvious. The first experiment was carried out very tactfully by one of the club servants gently shaking the Oldest Member into relative life at teatime. "China tea and two toasted muffins," snarled the O.M. at length. "Beg pardon, Sir," said William respectfully, "it's your cremation." This conversation ensued:

"You can't cremate me, damn you! I've been a member of this club since 1876!"

"Precisely, Sir. New rule, Sir."

"Who's Secretary now? Eh? Fetch him."

(Pause. Enter Secretary, apologetic but firm.)

"What's all this about cremating me?"

"Well, look here, I'm frightfully sorry, but the Committee has you first on the list under Rule XLVII (b)."

"Never heard of it."

"Well, we only passed it last year. I expect you were asleep."

Eventually the production of the 1945 Book of Rules settled it. As this is a holy book to every decent West End clubman the Oldest Member naturally couldn't question it, so after some testy grumbling William led him gently away down to the kitchens. A genial farewell handshake from the chef ("Bonne chance, M'sieur! The fires are a blinking treat!") and the thing was done.

Sweetheart

A FUSS over the appointment of some provincial woman librarian or other reminded us of the great hullabaloo and hoo-ha some

years ago over the national acquisition of the Codex Sinaiticus (property of the Greek monks of Sinai, snaffled despite them with your money), and our poetic cry, that some motherly woman should be engaged to look after it.

Women in bodices
Are best for Codices:
One bodex
Per Codex.

No notice was taken of this. We might have pursued the matter further by quoting Spinely's appointment as Librarian to the Bodleian in 1905, but lack of public support sickened us. Spinely, queen of the light Parisian stage, whose lovely legs were insured for £500,000, got the Bodleian appointment by a clerical error, the job having been intended for a don named Spaniel, a docile type with long ears and large brown trustful eyes. However, Spinely wowed the academic world from the word go. Her legs were the nightly topic of every Senior Common-Room (especially Keble's), and doings fought day and night in the Bodleian to change Wassermück on Early Aztec Cuneiform Inscriptions for something more informative, such as *La Vie Parisienne*. They liked the way she sang and kicked the lights off the central chandelier as well. In a word, High Old Times.

If a gay little French actress can run the Bodleian at a profit, we guess a more homely type of women is good enough for the kind of library which deals solely in books. Books!

Arcadiana

IN Sussex somebody recently shot a veritable golden eagle, an acid chap has reported to Auntie Times; unaware maybe that everywhere in the Hick Belt north or south there are rugged types who would take a pot at the Archangel Gabriel himself (a fact known to Slogger Wells, who once wrote a play on this theme).

Actually anything rare or strange is apt to get it in the neck down our way, as in Kentucky. We shoot on principle at City slickers, art-dealers' touts, Bloomsbury folk-dancers, Revenue officers, Min. of Agriculture narks, welfare-workers, and in fact anybody who looks as if about to plunder, ameliorate, or interfere. Rare birds are merely a side-issue, worth a couple of lines in "News in Brief" in the local paper, thus:

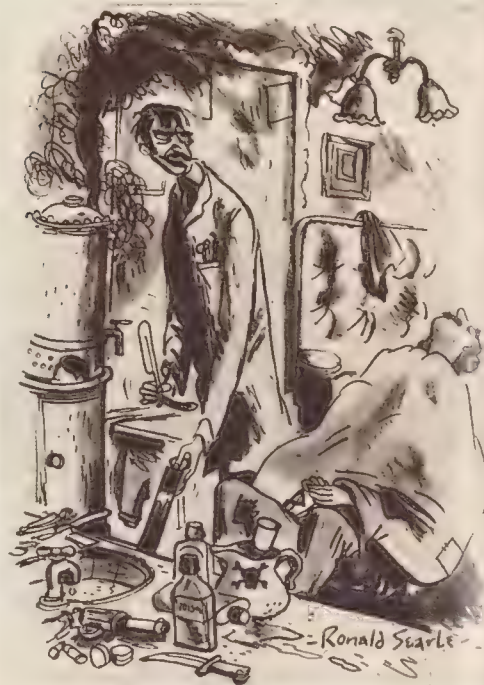
BURINGTON MAGNA: Mr. Joe Potts of Muck-worthy Farm brought down a phoenix in flames in a field near Hangnail Wood on Tuesday. Mr. Potts was looking for a neighbour with his rook rifle at the time.—KNOBBO for Sore Legs (Advt.).

You say rare birds at least ought not to be bumped off at sight, as they are. We say gorm you, how do we keep our hand in when there's nothing else to shoot?

Waft

AMERICA'S perfume-kings are now specialising in "masculine and tweedy" scents for henn, according to the Fleet Street boys.

Ouida's languid tall Guardees drenching their golden mustaches and whiskers in Eau de Cologne set a useful precedent, no doubt. Nobody shouted "Sissy!" as they lounged in the Guards' Club, dreadfully bored but, at any moment, unspeakably gallant. As for ringletted lace-collared Prince Rupert, most brilliant of cavalry fighters and a brilliant mechanic as well—have you ever examined one of his highly complicated handmade clocks?—he must have scented the air for miles round with lavender and orris-root and pomander and Hungary water. It's only since cricket became the national religion that sahibs have come to decry perfume as only fit for effeminate dagoes (such as star bullfighters, who face a hideous death every afternoon in the season with their glossy hair thickly pomaded and scented.



"My name is Tod, sir—quite a coincidence isn't it?"



"I see a semi-detached house in Sinclair Road—it's being put up for sale . . . it's sold!"



"Something wrong?"

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

No. 7

JAMES AGATE'S "Ego's" are, from the point of view of the reviewer, at once enticing and intimidating. They are hyper-personal; and, at the same time, they create an effect of august distance. Their spontaneity—for not a line seems forced—is of the kind that evokes warm reaction rather than tepid judgment. They are a continuous comment—here and there indirect, in the cypher of anecdote, quotation or appended letters from other people—on Mr. Agate's relations with his own time. These years, the years covered by the successive "Ego's," have been lived by us all; but they have been lived, felt and annotated by Mr. Agate in a way peculiar to himself. This critic of books, plays and the cinema is, before all, a critic of the sheer stuff of life.

We have now *Ego 7* (Harrap; 15s.). This covers—one could almost say constitutes, so all-inclusive is the effect—January to December 1944. D-Day, the fight through France, the liberation of Paris, Arnhem, the delayed finish of the war, are the historic accompaniment of the entries, and leave their marks on them. Flying-bomb and rocket attacks on London are, already, relegated to their deserved place: the terrors of yesterday are the bores of to-day; and it is salutary to find that, even during the seconds of their reverberation, these nuisances deflected little of Mr. Agate's interest from better things. From January to December of that fateful year his irascible impassivity never falters. War or peace, or so-called peace, no two days are the same. The potentials of any one day, the endless range of its powers to annoy or please, are best seen in explosive contact with Mr. Agate, to whom nothing is indifferent.

Human Nature

If indifference to life, to the day-to-day, could be possible, I still should not think it desirable. Mr. Agate has no time for that sad cult. It is, one may say in passing, almost the only thing that he has not time for. Between December 1939 and December 1944 he has written (professionally) 6,481,000 words; in 1944 alone he wrote 316,000.

Inside this same year, of *Ego 7*, he assembled a new book in seventy-two hours. Only a fool, or a stranger to Mr. Agate's columns, could understate this expenditure of, jointly, calculation and force. Yet outside this remains the margin—a margin so spacious as to be a terrain in itself—of non-writing experience and activity: conversation, correspondence, the enjoyment of music, the endurance of "functions," movement from place to place in a not always winning battle against time, and the always spirited and sometimes ruthless conduct of controversies. Beyond this, in the entertainment of memories, the exercise of comparisons and the harvesting of "trouvailles," he packs—by the showing of each "Ego"—what could be a normal lifetime into a year.

What makes this man so magnetic to idiots? I marvel at the way human nature continues to impale itself, soft side upwards, on Mr. Agate's wit. One would have thought that preceding "Ego's" might have served as a warning. But dead crows, apparently, don't scare living crows off—still the fatuous, self-exhibiting letters, the unsolicited MSS., the ill-judged challenges to battle, pour in! Do landlords charge Mr. Agate for wear and tear to the letter-box? What, one may ask, given the samples here, is the matter with human nature? And I continue to wonder why Mr. Agate continues to expose himself to silly questions asked in the Café Royal. That he does do so is, however, to our infinite gain.

More

SOMEONE raised a question—which is kept in play throughout *Ego 7*—as to the continued vitality of the "Ego's." To my mind it is not

a question at all. The "Ego's," as they and Mr. Agate proceed through time, accumulate momentum; there is excitement in the development of the themes. There is the more than extraneous fun of re-meeting friends or bogies (e.g., Fraülein Erna Katzengebiss and her crew); there is the fascination of watching portraits being more deeply etched in, judgments sharpened or tempered, positions reviewed. But, most of all, there is triumph—a vicarious triumph, for the reader—in the reclamation, with each year, of more of life from oblivion. To everything Mr. Agate rescues, he gives pungent character; and more, size. He is one of the few, very few, adults of our day. *Ego 7* adds one more to what are already six contemporary classics.

Relations

THE real name of the author of *Curious Relations* (Cape; 8s. 6d.) has had, for reasons that soon become apparent, to be disguised under the soubriquet of "William d'Arfey." The author is dead, and the manuscript of this book—brilliant, though not sole evidence of his *méchant* genius—has been edited and prepared for press by his friend William Plomer. This is the only book "William d'Arfey" wrote: his imagination, his malice, his satiric affection for the absurd in life, and his beautiful bizarre love of the bizarre-beautiful overflowed in several other directions. He is remembered by friends—of whom I, too, was happy to be one—for many reasons that play no part, or should play no part, in the judgment of a reviewer. It is not irrelevant, in this context, that he is remembered as a *raconteur* of sublime funniness, virtuosity, inspiration and style. Story-telling is associated with the gaiety of friendship and the atmosphere of good company: sometimes, when a *raconteur* sits down alone to take up the pen, the results are disappointingly bleak, heavy or cold.

This, it seems to me, has not been the case with *Curious Relations*. "William d'Arfey" (who was, among other things, a lover of the theatre and a fine painter) knew the difference between what is and is not ephemeral in the matter of effects. That he may have been aided in judgment (though not, I feel sure, in additions) by Mr. Plomer is possible. Do we not owe our enjoyment of Mr. Kilvert, that clergyman-diarist of now almost world-wide popularity, to Mr. Plomer's loving discrimination? At all events, *Curious Relations*, as it stands, is a hilarious book, at once rare and genial. It is a book about a family, two families: "William d'Arfey's" own relations and his stepfather's—whom he calls the Mountfaucuns. The adventures and peculiarities of these two sets of people cannot but be authentic; no outside imagination, even "William d'Arfey's," could have invented them. Amelia d'Arfey, the author's grandmother, who kept her family to non-Victorian size by periodic leaps down a flight of stairs; George, his father, who pursued a line of aesthetic adventure throughout the Crimean War, and conformed even less to pattern as the years went by; Aunt Chrissie Mountfaucun, who was a secret eater and became convinced that she was a bicycle; Aunt Emmeline Hotblack, that perpetual widow, whose brother, Uncle Vivian, posthumously exploded—these are a few of those characters that one defies anything less than real life, and old-fashioned English Society, to produce.

The Few

THE "That was the new cook" incident (page 73) could be a Thurber—were it not in its own right a d'Arfey—piece. Indeed, "William d'Arfey" is, on this plane, born kin to Thurber, also to Ronald Firbank. And I mean kin, not pupil. His feeling for beauty, as evident,

(Concluded on page 316)

CARAVAN

CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I HAVE just been listening to a Gregorian Chant coming to me over the wireless. It was beautifully rendered, but it was dispiriting; tremendously moving, but somewhat depressing; soul-lifting—but only towards endless twilight. In fact, rather like one of Mr. Attlee's speeches set to music! And aren't most Government speeches these days on the cheerless side? One begins to miss Mr. Churchill's stirring deliveries which, although, when boiled down, sometimes left only a residue of magnificent phrases signifying not very much, did for the time being make us feel as if one could go out and work wonders—even on tinned pilchards again for supper!

I am getting so weary of stiff upper-lips; any greater enthusiasm towards patience, further endurance, self-sacrifice, and what-not—the operative word being *Not!* If only we could have a few reasons and a few proximate dates, one might feel as if one were no longer marching wearily forward through an endless fog, with only the promised happiness of our children's children to hand us a cup of tea by way of refreshment. It all rather reminds me of those religious fanatics who dangle salvation before you as a reward for resisting even the more harmless temptations, living in sackcloth and ashes, and pretending you like it.

Even if one's uneasy conscience bravely bid us to do it, I, myself, would find renunciations easier to perform if only it were accompanied by a cheerful Salvation Army band playing its very loudest. This ennobling minor melody in one string, which seems to inspire Government exhortations these days, is getting most of us down. One feels one would like to close the restaurant of the mother-of-all-Parliaments and allow the Members to feed themselves on single rations, forgo priority claim to petrol, share in the awful existence which lack of manpower, Government forms and counter-forms now harries the working and leisure hours of even a village grocer. Things might not change for the moment, but I rather think some slight relief would at least be promised at an early date, unhidden by the present nebula?

As it is, and failing any explanation, one begins to suspect that quite a number of official departments would be sorry to see even margarine set free, to say nothing of Servicemen. They love us more in our woe—as so many people do in life. They will rush towards us with clean pocket-handkerchiefs in our sorrow, but, learning that we have somehow obtained a chicken for dinner, will loathe us at sight. So it is, one feels, with Government departments. Their hearts bleed for us in our deprivation, but if being relieved of our sacrifice made their own department look redundant—who, being human, is not going to continue to "act big" at all costs?

Personally, I do so hope that the day will never dawn when Red Tape and Barbed Wire are the symbols of our human inheritance! The growth of each is always so insidious that we are bound by the one and directed by the other before we have begun to quote: "Nothing is so galling to a people, not broken-in from birth, as a paternal, or, in other words, a meddling Government, a Government which tells them what to read and say and eat and drink and wear"—and quote it all in one panting breath.

Or, if we have to endure it, let us endure it to the din of cymbals and trumpets and the fanfare of inspired eloquence. These are anaesthetics even if they don't lessen the major operation. But the person who gravely puts on his spectacles and pompously says: "Well, my poor man, after due and prolonged consideration my advice to you is . . ." invariably makes the spirit sink under the table, or, peradventure, go out and bang the door. What we most want are fewer official Cheers and more signs of Cheering-on!



Tse-Chun — Ven-Yah
Mr. Chang Tse-Chun, of St. John's College, Cambridge, married Miss Tsoh Ven-Yah, of the Chinese Consulate-General, London, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



St. Vincent — Logan
W. J. Butt, Cheltenham
Viscount St. Vincent, only surviving son of the late Viscount St. Vincent, of the Isle of Wight and Sutton-on-Derwent, Yorks., married Miss Phillida Logan, only daughter of Mrs. R. H. Logan, of The Brown House, Blockley, Glos., at St. James's, Campden



Dick-Lauder — Sorell-Cameron
Paterson, Inverness
Major George A. Dick-Lauder, Black Watch, son of Sir John and Lady Dick-Lauder, of Nigg Station, Ross-shire, married Miss Hester M. Sorell-Cameron, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. C. Sorell-Cameron, of Inverness-shire

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Strang Steel — Graham
Mr. Jock Wykeham Strang Steel, second son of Sir Samuel Strang Steel and the Hon. Lady Strang Steel, of Philiphaugh, Selkirk, married Miss Lesley Graham, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Reginald Graham, V.C., and Lady Graham, of 53, Dick Place, Edinburgh, at St. John's, Edinburgh

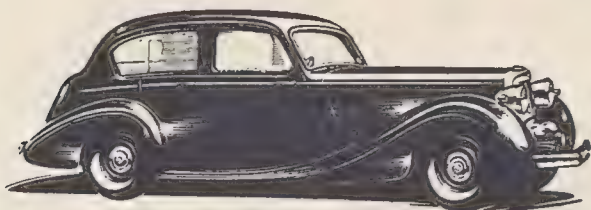
Clapperton, Selkirk



Leary — Hill
Capt. Matthew Leary, Junr., of Burlington, Vermont, U.S.A., married Miss Kathleen Lavinia Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hill, of Albion Gate, London, at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bridegroom is in the U.S. Army



Roe — Antomimi
Major J. Ö. Roe, Indian Cavalry, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Roe, of Hove, Sussex, married Mlle. Jeanne Louise Antomimi, daughter of M. and Mme. F. Antomimi, of Kasi-el-Doubara, Cairo, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Cairo



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by Jean Lorimer



Black evening hat made of ospreys and net. Jacqmar



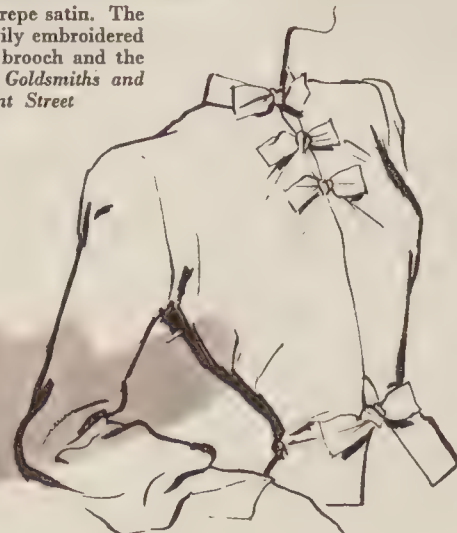
Photograph by Dormer Cole

Jacqmar's lovely dinner dress made in crepe satin. The white bodice and drop pockets are heavily embroidered with Shepsan. The beautiful diamond brooch and the baguet clip ear-rings come from The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co. Ltd., of Regent Street

Left:
Fine wool day dress in fuchsia, with black patent-leather belt. Slit pockets and slight basque effect. Low-buttoning "V" neckline with no collar. Bianca Mosca at Jacqmar



Brown and pink herringbone frock with inlets of brown velvet. Victor Stiebel at Jacqmar. The hat made by Jacqmar is a yellow felt trimmed with brown quills



Pale-blue blouse of reversed crepe satin (matt side), fastened with three graduating bows. Bianca Mosca at Jacqmar



Lana Turner
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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A VISITOR to an asylum saw a man sitting by a wash-basin, the tap of which was turned on full. The inmate held a walking-stick, to which was fastened a length of string. On the end of the string was tied a piece of bent wire. This he worked slowly up and down the splashing flow of water.

"Have you caught many salmon today?" asked the visitor, sympathetically. The inmate looked at him and replied wearily: "Have you ever seen a salmon come out of a wash-basin tap?"

A CERTAIN Baptist minister had not been popular with his congregation, and eventually decided to leave the parish.

When it came to preaching his farewell sermon, he seemed in excellent spirits, and announced in the crowded church that he had been appointed chaplain to a well-known prison. After this he gave out the text of his sermon:—

"I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."

A POLICEMAN dashed into a church while a wedding was in progress.

"Is a man called Smith-Brown being married here today?" he asked the vergier.

"He's being married now," was the reply.

"Well, I have a warrant for his arrest," said the officer.

"Friends of the bridegroom on the right-hand side of the church, please."

THE slap-happy fighter reeled to his corner at the end of the third round. His face was badly battered.

"How'm I doin'?" he mumbled.

His manager patted him on the shoulder.

"Swell, kid," he enthused. "You've got the other guy on the run!"

"Yeah?" cried the boxer.

"Sure thing," nodded his manager. "Just make sure he don't catch you again!"

A TYPICAL American story:—

The sergeant blew his whistle and ordered his men to "police" the area.

"See that you pick up every blessed thing that isn't growing!" he admonished.

The men had hardly started when a cute blonde teen-aged cut across the grass.

A couple of the men started after her. Again the sergeant blew his whistle.

"Lay off, men!" he shouted. "That's still growing!"

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 311)

for instance, in the picture of the rhododendrons at Marsh Hall, and in some of his sketches of his mother, is his own entirely. His Lady Cursitor, Edwardian hostess and beauty, is memorable. Yes, as a writer, on the strength of this one book, "D'Arfey," makes his own place: only England, with her underground flow of genius, could have put out this exotic flower; and England will not put out just such a flower twice.

Old China

Peony, by Keith West (Cresset Press, 8s.), has the pellucid charm and innocent impropriety of its predecessor—*Ma Wei Slope*. Here, in the time of the Ming Dynasty, we have the delightful family of Magistrate Chiang, of the Southern district of the City of Rams, and the tale of the Magistrate's problem daughter, Peony. Peony's leisure-loving father and musical mother put themselves out considerably in the attempt to arrange a match for her (as is suitable) when she is twelve years old. But our heroine spoils it all by running full-tilt into, almost knocking down, the sedate little boy who should have been her betrothed. As it is not etiquette for a young couple to make each other's acquaintance before the wedding, the match falls through—the two children, however, continue a love affair whose tragic end warps Peony's later life.

Poised, wary, witty, beautiful, but with an icy heart, Peony is now to be watched conducting, at the expense of mankind, a series of experiments in love. Her brother's tutor, bewildered, is wooed by her in the rain; she marries the Governor's librarian (a sort of Chinese Mr. Collins); and she and the ageing but subtle Governor play a part in each other's education. There are some delicious scenes—the entertainment of the Governor by the Chiang family, with the aid of the "four cultivated young ladies from Peacock Street"; the tea party at which Madame Hsia, who has few illusions as to her husband's plans, converses with the bride Peony, her musical mother and her mother-in-law; and the evening spent by Peony and the Governor in the bamboo Pavilion of the Three Restraints.

The flight from the plague leads up to the weeks in the monastery; a cold, timeless voice is heard. All conversations, including those of love, are philosophic; accompanied by music and diversified by the interchange of poems, they move slowly. The characters are many; they cross one's range of vision and vanish, like birds winging across a wet, mild sky. *Peony*—poetic, at once light and sad—is a novel for the delicate taste.

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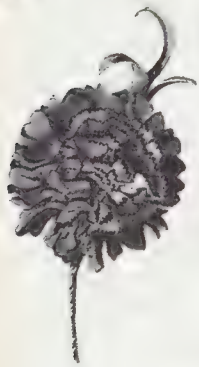


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Group Captain Douglas Bader was at the Palace with his wife when the King held an Investiture recently. He received a Bar to the D.S.O. and a Bar to the D.F.C., both of which had been awarded before he was taken prisoner by the Germans. He was promoted Group Captain in August this year and was placed in command of the Fighter Sector at North Weald, Essex

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Accidents

ALARM has been caused by the large number of air accidents that have been happening. That alarm will increase until the Air Ministry, the Ministry of Civil Aviation, the Ministry of Aircraft Production and the other many-millioned ministries concerned, give up their policy of secrecy.

Scientists scream against the policy of secrecy with the atomic bomb; but there is a longer-standing secrecy about air accidents that ought first to be removed. There is no chance of getting publication of atomic bomb details, while the authorities refuse to publish the facts about air accidents.

I was glad to see this point made by Charles Grey in his latest book, *The Civil Air War*. C.G.G. remains the most vigorous writer on aviation there is and he points out that since the policy of secrecy about the causes of air accidents was adopted, "almost every life which was lost in an aeroplane accident was wasted, whereas if the results of the inquiries had been published, at any rate the sacrifice of one or more lives in an accident might have helped to prevent other accidents of the same kind."

Present Methods

THE excuse offered by the Air Ministry before the war for causing the Inspector of Accidents to report only to the Secretary of State who then only published such reports as he thought fit, was that accidents were sometimes the consequence of misconduct on the part of the pilots, yet misconduct which could not be proved beyond any manner of doubt.

I remember when I was blown over in a Camel as I was landing, a squall striking the aerodrome at the critical moment and completely depriving me of control, for the aircraft was just touching down, it was said that had I noticed the cloud formation I could have seen that a squall of this violent kind was likely and could have waited.

Pilots who are involved in crashes must always be ready to take unjust criticism. There is no reason whatever why the results of the investigations into all air accidents should not be published in full. If they were, the alarm which is now growing would be dissipated.

Nature's Way

CHARLES GREY's book is a most useful assessment of the civil aviation position and should be read by those numerous politicians who are in charge of our civil aviation policy but who have had no experience of civil aviation themselves. It would do them a great deal of good and help them in their work if they learned a little about civil aviation history.

And the book is typically "C.G.G." Which means that it is intensely amusing and sometimes extremely biting. I liked the story about Blin Desbleds of Mauritius. "One of his sayings," remarks Mr. Grey, "deserves to be historic. Warning us against trying to copy birds, he used to say, in his rich 'down south French accent,' 'When the Chief Designer of the Admiralty is about to make a Dreadnought he does not begin his studies by contemplating a bloater'."

Another C. G. Greyism is: "The Black Market is our only link with Democracy." But the book, which is published by Harborough, is full of amusing and instructive things.

Missing Meteor

WHEN the Gloster Meteor was stolen from a Royal Air Force aerodrome I was rung up by a daily newspaper and asked if I could recollect any other similar incidents. I could recollect no exactly parallel event, though there must surely have been one.

But there was the case of the American business man whose aircraft had been impounded at Croydon or Le Bourget—I forget which—and who, although not himself a pilot, managed to make a get-away with the machine and to land on the other side of the Channel without damaging it. His name was Charles Levine.

Then there was the case of Gustav Hamel, the great pre-1914-18 war pilot. He left England for France in a Morane, was seen setting out over the Channel but has never been heard of since. People would not believe that so highly skilled a pilot could have lost his way on such a short trip.

Now people understand better how fatally easy it is to lose the way especially when flying over water. "Kicking" the compass then becomes a progressively more difficult process, and in those days there was no radio to assist.

But neither of these cases is an exact parallel to the Meteor incident. It seems a pity that one so enterprising as to make a take-off in a Meteor at night from an unlighted runway should be lost; but up to the time of writing these notes the Air Ministry had had no news of the machine.



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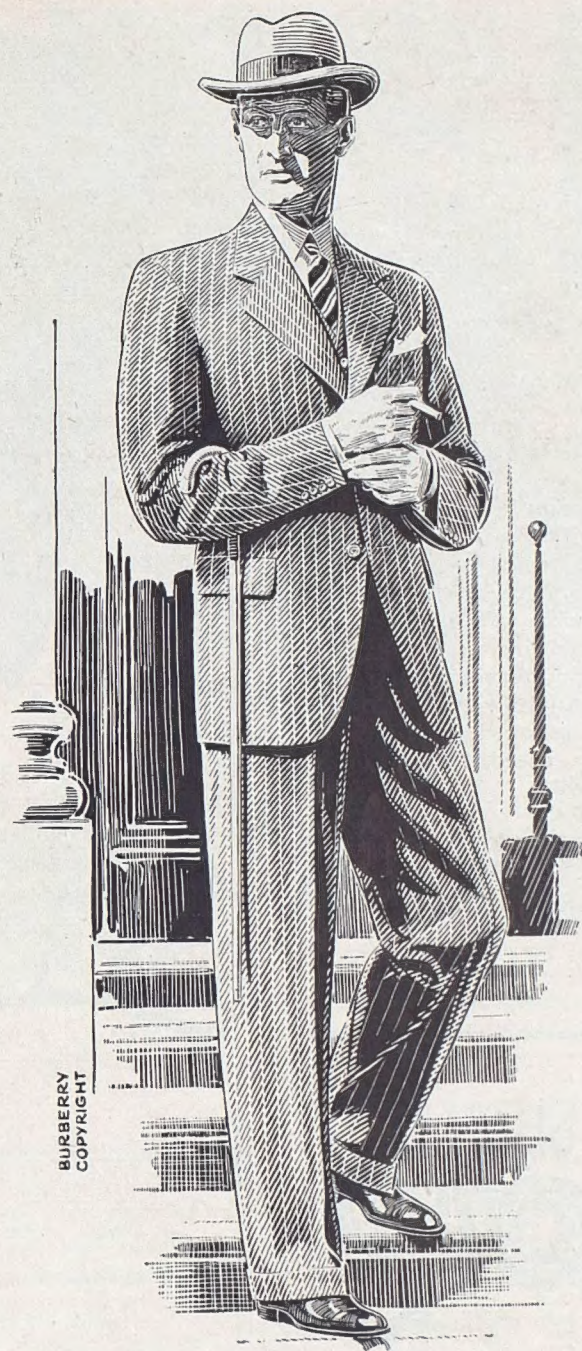
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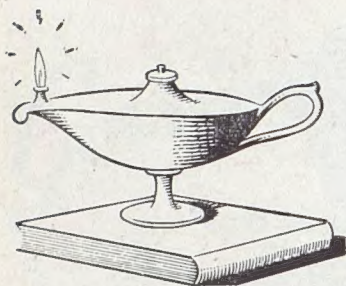
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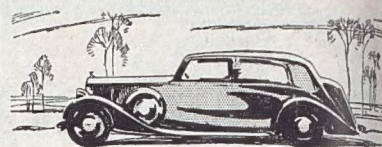


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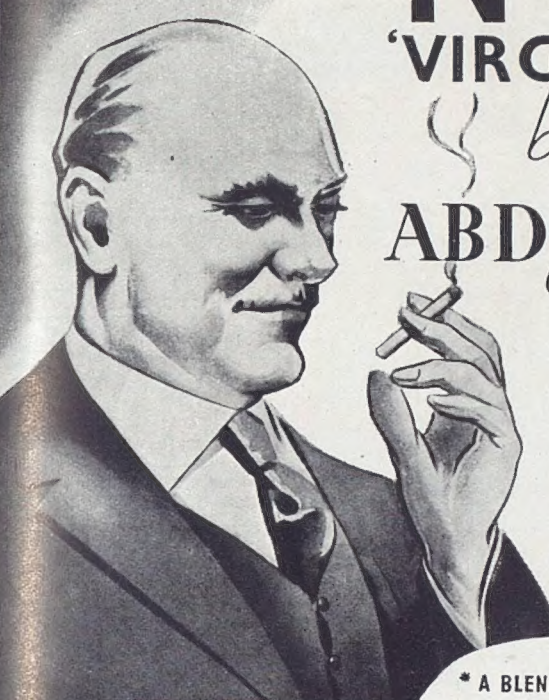
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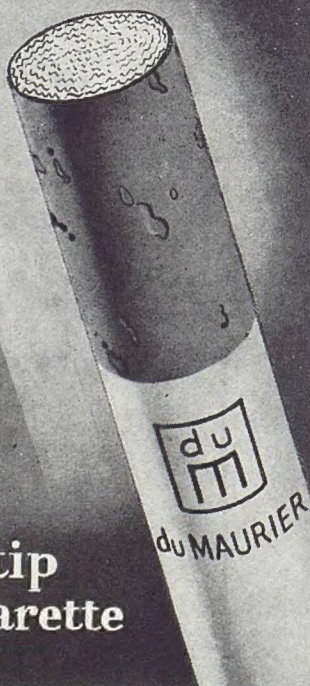
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